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MERRIE ENGLAND!

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

SUNG WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE,

BY MRS. JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON,

AT A CONCERT,

IN AID OF THE CHARITABLE FUND OF

The St. George's Society, Toronto.

Price, 25 Cents.

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MERRIE ENGLAND!

WORDS BY
REV. W. S. DARLING.

MUSIC BY
REV. DR. McCAUL.

2nd Verse. We've

Voice.

Andante Maestoso.

1st Verse. There's a

Piano-Forte.

left thee thou land of the loft - y crest, We've come o'er the sounding sea, We've

land, they call it the land of the free, 'Tis our far off is - land home; Her

Con espress.

made our homes in the youthful West, But our hearts are still with thee; And we thank our God that the

fame is wide as her subject sea, And pure as its snow - white foam; But we've left the graves where our

fair young hand, That rul'd us with gen-tle sway, In the an - cient homes of our Fa - ther - land, Is

kindred sleeps, The tow'rs that our fathers rais'd, The an - cient rivers, the mountain steeps, The

ov - er us still to - day. *Con espress.*

fanes where our God we prais'd. Oh! we love the land where our lot is cast, 'Tis a land that is fair and

free, But it springs not from of the glorious past, As our love, merrie England, our love .... for thee, Our
thoughts

love, merrie England, our love.. for thee!

3rd Verse.

And who can forget the thrill that pass'd
From Cape Breton's rocky caves,
Thro' city, and clearing, and forest vast
To the far Lake Huron's waves;
When our Prince from the Fatherland set sail
To this land of the setting sun,
And the West with a burning heart did hail
Victoria and Albert's son.
Oh! we love the land where our lot is cast,
'Tis a land that is fair and free,
And we pray that the bond may for ever last
That unites us, Old England, to thee.

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